

A NEW TRANSLATION<sup>2</sup>

OF

SELECT ODES

OF

PINDAR and ANACREON,

AND

Epistles of HORACE, &c.

WITH MANY PASSAGES FROM

SHAKESPEARE,

ATTEMPTED IN LATIN.

OPUS ARDUUM ET INTENTATUM.

VERBA LOQUOR SOCIANDA CHORDIS.

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NEW TRANSLATION  
OF  
SELECT ODES  
OF  
PINDAR, ANACREON, &c  
INSCRIBED  
TO THE RIGHT REVEREND  
CLAUDIUS,  
LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MANN,  
BY HIS MOST RESPECTFUL  
HUMBLE SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR,  
W. GREEN, M. D.



---

## The PROEM.

COGITANTI MIHI SÆPENUMERO OCCURRIT,

**T**HAT, the unlearned must think themselves egregiously imposed upon, when they hear such high Commendations of Pindar, Virgil, Horace, &c. and have such Translations put into their Hands, and *highly extolled too*, in which, they are so far from discovering any Beauties, that, they can scarce bear to Peruse them.

In this short Specimen, for I mean not a full Translation, I have endeavoured to preserve the Phrase, Spirit, and the Manner of the Poet, by which he is distinguished from all others.

For, every Poet hath a different Tone,  
And run of Verse: to Connoisseurs thus known  
Are Painters by the Style, and touch their own! }

---

## H O M E R.

*Thus said, th' Almighty bends his awful brows,  
And Waves th' Ambrosial Honors, as he bows,\*  
Of his Immortal Head, and with the Nod,  
The Stamp of Fate, and Sanction of a God,  
Around*

---

\* When Phidias was asked, what had inspired him to infuse those lofty Sentiments into the Countenance of his Olympian Jupiter, he answered by repeating the above. This magnificent Verse is not found in Pope.



Around the Throne, loud Peals of Thunder broke,  
And th'Heavens throughout, and all Olympus  
Shook.

Our young Academicians commend highly the  
Translation of Pindar, without having carefully  
enough compared it with the Original. The Ex-  
cellences of Pindar, are Energy, Propriety, and  
Grandeur, and His Concise Sublime when Dif-  
fused, and Involved in a Multiplicity of crowded  
Words, is lost in a Cloud. The single Word  
*ἵπποχαρμαν* *delighting in Horses*, is Drawn and Spun  
out to no less than Four Lines,

*Hiero's Royal Brows, whose Care,*  
*Tends the Courser's noble Breed,*  
*Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant Mare,*  
*Pleas'd to train the youthful Steed.*

And such feeble Strains,  
As---Who along the Desert Air,  
Seeks the faded Starry Train! &c.

When compared with the Numbers of the deep-  
mouthed Pindar, are as the Sound of a Squeaking  
Fife, to the Clangour of a Trumpet.

### THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

**O**F all Created Things the Best, [blest,  
With which, by bounteous Heaven we're  
The Wat'ry Element, I hold; \* And

\* Perhaps the following may be more pleasing to some.

Of th'Heavenly Gifts, with which we're blest,  
The Wat'ry Element's the Best,

And



And blazing as a Fire thro' Night,  
 Magnificent, all Treasures bright,  
 Transcending—Prime in Nature, Gold;  
 But, if th'ATHLETIC Strife, and Race  
 Of Chariots Whirling o'er the Space,  
 To Sing, my Soul, thou'rt *daring* bent,  
 Look on the Sun's Meridian Car,  
 What Fellow, in the Firmament,  
 Amid the blaze of Day, what Star,  
 Hath thy far-kenning Eye descry'd,  
 Throughout th'immense *deserted* Void?  
 As far, O Muse, o'er all Survey,  
 And proud Olympia's Games display;  
 Where Bards *contex'd* in Numbers Join,  
 The Elevated Hymn divine,

When

---

And Gold, a blazing Fire thro' Night,  
 Amid Magnific Treasures bright,  
 Transcendent, stands the Prime confess;

W. G.

Chief of Nature's Works divine,  
 Water claims the highest Praise:  
 Richest Offspring of the Mine,  
 Gold, like Fire, whose flashing Rays  
 From afar conspicuous gleam  
 Through the Night's involving Cloud,  
 First in Lustre and Esteem,  
 Decks the Treasures of the Proud:  
 So amongst the Lists of Fame  
 Pisa's honour'd Games excel;  
 Then to Pisa's glorious Name

---

Tune, O Muse, thy sounding Shell.

West.

When, with the Victor we resort,  
 And in the Syracusan Court, 20  
 Resound, Saturnian Jove, thy praise,  
 And Hiero, in our Choral lays;  
 Who, in Sicilia's fruitful Clime,  
 The Scepter of fair Justice Sways;  
 And (as the Bees from Balm, and Thyme 25  
 Despoil the Sweets) the flow'ry Tops,  
 He of all Manly Virtues Crops,  
 Select---and Skill'd sublimely Cheers,  
 With Music's Charms, our listening Ears,  
 Such as *alternate*, o'er the Feasts, 30  
 With Harp in Hand, we honor'd Guests,  
 Rehearse---Snatch then, thy Doric Lyre,\*  
 And Sweep, with volant Touch, the Wire,  
 And chant the King in Strife renown'd;  
 Pleased with the generous Coursers Breed, 35  
 Sicilian Hiero resound;  
 And sing PHERENICE § the Steed,  
 Unconquer'd in her rapid Speed,  
 When She unlash'd, *full-willing* bore,  
 And crown'd with the victorious Meed, 40  
 Her Lord on the Alphean Shore;  
 Mid Lydians (prime of Sons of Men)  
 Shone forth his Glories on the Space;  
 Where PELOPS fixt his Argive Train;  
*High of the God*, whose Arms embrace 45  
 The

---

\* If th' arduous Games thy Bosom fire.

§ Or, Pheremicos.

The Earth, and shake its Solid Base,  
*Belov'd*---the Ruler of the Main;  
 Pure, from the Cauldron's fates released  
 When he was snatcht by Clotho's Hand,  
 And with his Ivory Shoulder grac'd,  
 Restored by Jove's supreme Command :  
 Thus, Fables sing the prodigy !  
 And Fictions dress'd with nicest Art,  
 In all the Charms of Poesy,  
 Soft Pleasure to the Soul impart,  
 And with enchanting Melody,  
 Above all Truth, and Probity  
 Prevailing, oft Seduce the Heart ;  
 But, rolling Years---the wisest Test,  
 Strip off the Fallacies disguise,  
 And, Light diffusing thro' the Breast,  
 Display, betray'd the Specious Lies ;  
 For, I far other shall relate,  
 O Son of Tantalus, thy Fate.

## THE CONCLUSION.

To me in the Poetic Field,  
 Fierce Darts, the muse hath given to wield,  
 And in her Quiver she hath Store,  
 And Nurseth for me, stronger-more ;  
 In other ways, are others Great,  
 And merit graces every State ;  
 But, howsoever Man ascends,  
 In Kings, the high Gradation ends,

The



The utmost bounding line, and stretch of Fate;  
 And to me, on my Native Ground,  
 May Heaven with hand benignant give, 75  
 With Victor Kings like thee, to live,  
 Throughout the Realms of Greece around,  
 For wisdom, and my Muse renown'd.

---

## O D E II.

To Theron of AGRIGENTUM,

Inscribed to H. BLUNDELL Esq. of INCE.

**Y**E Heavenly Harp-controuling Hymns, inspire  
 Your Bard, and say, with Doric Lyre,  
 Whom, shall we first, what Hero-King,  
 What Mortal, or Immortal Sing?  
 For, PISA, sacred are thy Games, 5  
 To Jove, which, proud Olympia Claims,  
 From Hercules---when He the Spoils,  
 First Fruits, of his Heroic Toils,  
 Here offer'd on her Altar's laid,  
 And Holy Vows, and Victims paid: 10  
 My Theme, is THERON,\* and I Swear,  
 Upon the Shrine with Heart Sincere,

---

\* See the Conclusion.

N. B. I mean not a full Translation, but to preserve the Spirit, and manner of the Author, of which, the English Reader has never yet had any just Idea, or example given.

( 9 )  
( O D E )  
( O happy! who produc'd thy Birth )  
' Nor Agragas, nor Parent Earth,  
' Through numerous Ages heretofore,  
' The like to thee, O Theron, bore,  
' Benevolent, with Princely mind,  
' As th' Heavenly Gods, the Mortal Kind,  
' To bless with thy abundant Store.

O D E IV.

**I**MMORTAL, hurling from thy Throne above,  
Th'unweary-winged-thunders, highest Jove,  
Since thy revolving Hours around,  
A joyous witness me have made,  
Of the Triumphal Honors paid, 5  
To Pseumis, on th' Alphean Ground;  
For, all the Good rejoicing bless,  
The Tidings, of Desert's Success;  
Where we descry'd Her from afar,  
We saw Triumphant Virtue ride, 10  
She rode array'd in Pseumis Car,  
With Victory winged by her Side:  
If Flaming Ætna's thy Abode,  
If by thy vengeful Bolts subdued,  
O'erwhelm'd beneath its pond'rous Load, 15  
Lies stretcht th'enormous Typhon-brood,  
The Hymn contex'd, which we address,  
High Merit, lov'd by thee, to grace,  
Hear Gracious Father, we implore,  
While we resound with Lute, and Lyre, 20  
And the Melodious Vocal Quire,  
The Victor, and thy Name adore. ODE

## O D E VII.

**A**S when, his Daughter's nuptial Rites to grace,  
 A Prince calls forth his richest Golden vase,  
 And charging high with Sparkling Wine,  
 And hailing with auspicious Vows,  
 While greeting Friends in Praises join  
 Th'adopted honor'd Son, and Spouse,  
 Bestows it, as a *Token kind*,  
 Of th' Unison of Bed, and Mind ; \*  
*Elate*, the Son the present bears,  
 The precious wonder of the Guest, 10  
 Proud Treasure of his future Heirs,  
 Superb, the Splendour of the Feast;  
 Thus, I the nectar of my Muse,  
 And with a bounteous Hand, diffuse,  
 Rich

\* This Phrase in Pindar, contains the most Sense in the fewest Syllables, of any, I have met with.

The absurd Contest for the regularity of Pindar, is now given up, Mr. Taskar's Preface has set this point in so clear a light, that even the hard headed, stiff neck'd Critic, the most unmoveable of all Animals, can scarcely refuse to bend. In this part of the Ode, which I have translated, there are Verses of various lengths from Six to Thirteen Syllables, that it is astonishing, how such a dispute could arise. The Saphic, Aleaic, and Exameter Verse, differ so essentially in their Structure, that it would be the highest absurdity to mix them: but in English, where, they are only distinguished, as they consist of more, or fewer Syllables, they have sometimes been permitted to be blended by our best Lyrics, and in their best Poems.

SEE DR. AND POPE'S ST. CECILIA.

And we should reflect with the excellent Rambler, whether the Rule is right only, because it is established, or established, because it is right. A strict Logical, Pedantic Critic, is the Murderer of Poetry.



Rich Treasures of a Fruitful mind ; 15  
 And blest ! whom she'll from many Claim,  
*(For worth to many is assign'd,*  
*And various are the ways to Fame)*  
 Her H<sup>er</sup> adopt, whole honour'd Name,  
 With Instruments of every kind, 20  
 She loud resounds with String and wind ;  
 Thus, we Diagaras, proclaim,  
 Thy merit in th' Athletic Game,  
 From Rhodos *(Consort of the Sun,*  
*And Daughter of the Paphian Dame)*  
 Who Sprang ft---and Trophies by thee won.

A N A C R E O N,  
 O D E I.

I MEANT to Sing Atrides,  
 And Cadmus, and Alcides,  
 The Victor Sons of Jove,  
 In vain I tried, 5  
 My Lyre reply'd,  
 Resounding only Love ;  
 I chang'd the Strings, and all renew'd,  
 And Tun'd it o'er again,  
 And Hereules,---in lofty mood,  
 Thy Toils I Sung---in vain, 10  
 Again in Feeble Tone,  
 Reply'd my COUNTER-Barb<sup>iton</sup>,  
 Resounding Love alone ;  
 Farewell henceforth ye Wars---for me,  
 And Sons of Gods above, 15  
 Take leave all of my Lyre---for She,  
 Returneth only Love. ODE

## O D E II.

**A** RMS of Defence, to every Creature,  
 Have been supply'd by prudent Nature,  
 The Bull hath Horns, the Tyger Claws,  
 The Lion Teeth, and crashing Jaws;  
 The Fish have scaly Fins, the Hind,  
 And Hare, the swiftness of the Wind,  
 The Volatiles, Air-cleaving Wings,  
 And Insects, and the Serpents Stings;  
 And wisdom was to Man assign'd;  
 What then was left for Woman-kind?  
 She gave her Beauty, with its Charms,  
 Sole---proof against all mortal Arms,  
 By this, She Conquers Fire, and Steel;  
 The Fierce subdu'd, to Beauty kneel,  
 And th' hardest Hearts her Empire feel. 15

## O D E IX.

The TEIAN, ANACREON'S  
 LOVELY DOVE.

**S** AY, bearing on thy purple Wing,  
 The balmy Odours of the Spring,  
 Art thou not Cytherea's Dove,  
 Tell me, gentle Bird of Love?  
*I serve* the Teian, and with care,  
 His Letters to a cruel Fair,  
 Sad Tyrant to mankind---I bear. 5

I late to Venus, did belong  
 The Queen of Love, but in a Whim,  
 She Sold me to him, for a Hymn, 10  
 For, he makes many an idle Song;  
 He promises, to set me free,  
 T'enjoy Aerial Liberty;  
 But, should He give me, my Conge,  
 Yet, in his Service, I would Stay; 15  
 For, to what purpose, should I fly,  
 Vague o'er the Hills, and Forests high,  
 And on wild Oats, and Vetches fed,  
 Who, from his Hand, have offer'd Bread?  
 And, at his Table, from his Cup, 20  
 Delicious Wines, I with him sup,  
 And sated, Roost above his Head,  
 By my complacent Master laid;  
 Or, on his Barbiton, I Sleep,  
 And, while he Rests, my Station keep: 25  
 I've told thee all--at what a Rate,  
 Thou'lt made me like a Parrot prate?  
 But, with his Orders---I retreat.

## O D E XI.

O FT by the Women, I am told,  
 Poor Anaereon, thou grow'st old,  
 In the Glass thy Aspect view,  
 Ah! Meagre Face, and faded Hue:  
 See, thy Hairs are falling all,  
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall?

Whether



Whether falls, or no, my Hair,  
 I do neither know, nor care;  
 But this I know, without being told  
 By Women---that, if I grow old,  
 'Tis fit that I should live away,  
 And make the most of Life---I may,  
 And the short time, I have to Stay.

## O D E L I I.

## The V I N T A G E.

**I**N Trains, see Boys, and Maidens fair,  
 In heaps, Black-Purple Clusters bare;  
 By Men, with naked Feet is trod,  
 And press'd the Nectar of the God,  
 While Quaffing, in their Rustic Lays,  
 They, Bacchus, loud resound thy Praise;  
 And into Vats, for future use,  
 Distills in Floods, the luscious Juice,  
 Of which, *perhaps* some good Old Man,  
 Like me, shall take full mappy a Can;      10  
 And with the Virgins in a Ring  
 Shall shake his hoary Locks, and Spring,  
 And tott'ring Dance, and merry Sing;  
 The Labourers Sleep in open Air,  
 Secure a part to lead the Fair;  
 Some Swain will to that 'partment Steal  
 At Midnight---striving to prevail,  
 Soliciting Loves soft delights,  
 With Vows of after Marriage Rites,

Which

Which She disdains---he wilfully tries, 39  
 And Falshood, Pray'r, and Flatt'ry plies,  
 To gain his ends---ye Nymphs be wife;  
 For Bacchus, in these lawless Days,  
 Disorder'd Pranks, with Virgins ply

\* ατακτα παιζει.

O D E XXX.

**T**HE Muses, sleeping Cupid found,  
 And seized him, as he lay,  
 And in his Rosy Chaplets bound,  
 To Beauty gave the Prey;  
 To Beauty, weeping, Venus flies,  
 And ransom Sums immense,  
 She proffers, if the Captive prize,  
 She may redeem from thence:  
 O Queen, said Love, thy Tears are vain,  
 Unbind me, but I still,  
 A Slave to Beauty must remain,  
 And her commands fulfill;  
 Hence Beauty, go where'er She will,  
 Hath Love still in her train,  
 Hence, Love is ever in her train,  
 Go Beauty where She will. 15

Before

And Codlins Ways, I'll well.  
 HORACE

Before, the use of Letters was commonly known, the Laws and Precepts of Morality, for the better Aid of the Memory where delivered in Verse, SEE WOOD'S TROAS. and the Ancient Hymns, and in general, the Psalms of the Royal Prophet run in the same easy Metre, with the Odes of Pindar and Anacreon. E. G. PSALM I.

Ashri auish eshir lo alak.

But in Phrase, and manner,

Immane, quantum discrepant !

### EXAMPLE.

**B**LEST is the Man, who hath not trod,  
 The ways of sinful Men,  
 And with the Scorners never stood,  
 Nor sat with the profane;  
 But, in the mandates of the Lord,  
 He ever walks upright,  
 And meditating on his word,  
 He dwelleth Day and Night;  
 And, where the Streams of Fountains flow,  
 As Planted in a fertile Clime,  
 The Palm-Tree, he shall grow,  
 Which, in its Seasonable time,  
 Shall, bounteous, Fruits bestow,  
 Whose Leaf shall never falling Die;  
 He flourishing, PROSPERITY,  
 In all his Works shall know;  
 Not so th' unjust, for they shall fly,  
*Light-Chaff*, before the Wind,  
 And fading, shall their memory,  
 Not leave a trace behind;  
 Nor shall th' unrighteous, with the Good  
 Selected, stand in his Abode,  
 Nor in the Judgment dwell,  
 For, the Lord knows th' Ungodlies Road,  
 And Godlies Ways, full well. HORACE



## H O R A C E.

TROJANI BELLİ SCRIPTOREM, MAXIME LOLLİ,  
DUM TU DECLAMAS ROMÆ, PRÆNESTE RELEGI:

**T**HE noble \*Author of The TROJAN WAR, \*Writer.  
While thou, great Lollius, at the Roman Bar  
Declaimst---I at Præneste read again;  
Who, what is fair, good, just, what not---as plain  
*Prescribes*---and, *better*, gives th' instructive Rules  
Of Life--than Crantor's, and Chrysippus' Schools;  
And why I thus Opine---if cares severe  
Detain thee not, my offer'd reasons hear:  
The Fable of the Harlot, and the Boy,  
Which, held so long contending Greece, and Troy,  
In wasting Wars, displays as on a Stage,  
The foolish Kings, and madding People's Rage;  
Old Nestor wisely hastens to compose  
The Strife---that 'twixt two vicious Kings arose,  
Both burn alike, alike their Pride and Ire,  
And jealous Loves the Son of Thetis, fire;  
Antenor Votes for cutting short the cause  
Of Wars---the *breach* of hospitable Laws:  
Restore the Treasures, and the Bride, *he cries*,  
What, Paris?---he with both his Hands denies;  
Nor can be led to yield his beauteous Wife,  
In whom, is center'd all his bliss of Life;  
Nor less within the City, than without,  
Sedition, Jealousy, and Lust, and Rout:  
But, howsoe'er Kings rave and mad contend,  
The People always suffer in the end;

Again,

Again, what wise, and steady Virtue can,  
 Th' example shews of the all-suffering Man,  
 The Chief, who after Ilion was subdu'd  
 The various Nations, and their Manners view'd,  
 While, ever labouring, with his Comrade train,  
 Return he seeketh to his Native plain,  
 Far Wand'ring tofs'd, and Wreckt on many a Main:  
 The Syren-Song, and the Circèan Coast,  
 And the Enchanted offer'd Cup---thou know'st,  
 Which had he tasted, he a Wolf had howl'd,  
 Or with the sordid Herd, in Mire had rowl'd,  
 And by a Harlot base, had been controul'd.  
 Ourselves are represented in the Crew,  
 Who Feasting, Drinking, wasting all---pursue  
 A Round of Pleasures---spend the Night in Play,  
 And like the wallowing Herd snore out the Day.

\* \* \* \* \*

As on U ysses---thus in every state  
 Do Dangers---our own passions, round us wait,  
 Here Siren pleasure spreads its luscious Bait,  
 There \*Avarice, Lust, and Pride and Ire conjoin'd,  
 IRE---a SHORT FIT of Madness of the Mind,  
 Restrain the Fury, and in fetters bind;  
 Præcipitated by thy vengeful Hate,  
 Lest thou should'st Act, what thou'lt repent *too late*,  
The

\* ———hoc, Janus Summus ad imum  
 Personat, &c.

Our Janus Herôs like those in Circè's Fold,  
 Ne'er once look up, nor Starry Heaven behold,  
 All Wallowing, deep immers'd in Dirt, and Gold.

¶ The mischief done---thro' Life, *in grief* distress;  
 A FIEND---Black Envy, torture of the Breast;  
 Than which no greater, could those Monsters find,  
 Sicilian Tyrants, § to torment Mankind:  
 Reform, begin betimes, if well begun,  
 Thou'lt find the Business to thy Hand half done:  
 No Mean is found, subdue---or they'll control,  
 And tear the Heart, and Steal thee from thy Soul:  
 But, set thou out, or not---I from the Goal,  
 Will Start—and hold my wonted Rate, no more—  
 Nor wait the Slow—nor tread *on those* before.

---

¶ In vain we throw the Waters on the Flames,  
 When they have eat thro' the sustaining beams.

§ Than which no greater to torment Mankind,  
 Sicilian Tyrants, but themselves could find.

IN POPE'S STYLE.

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## EPISTLE IV.

TO TIBULLUS.

ALBI, NOSTRORUM SERMONUM CANDIDE JUDEX,  
 QUID NUNC TE DICAM FACERE IN REGIONE PEDANA?

Adressed to a Friend in WARRINGTON.

O CANDID Judge of all that I compose,  
 Tibullus dear, what shall I now suppose,  
 Thou'rt doing, where the rapid Mersey flows?  
 Or forming, what in Elegance, and Wit,  
 Surpasses all, the Bard of Parma Writ,

5  
Or



Or Solitary musing in the Wood,  
 What best becomes the Virtuous, Wise, and Good?  
 The Gods have given thee, many blessings, kind,  
 A graceful Body, and Sharp-judging mind,  
 Not only Riches, they to thee impart, 10  
 But how to use them too, that *happy Art* :  
 What would the Mother for her Infant, more  
 Of Heaven above, than Sense and Speech implore,  
 And Wealth---and Health t'enjoy the plenteous  
 Store?  
 Mid Hopes, and Fears, and Hurry, Noise, and  
 Strife, 15  
 Believe each rising Day, thy last of Life :  
 Whenever thou'rt dispos'd, Friend, at thy Bard  
 To Laugh---a *Brawn of Epicurus' Herd*,  
 Round as a Globe, and liquor'd every Joint,  
 Thou'lt find me *here*, fed to the highest point.

## E P I S T L E IX.

## T O C L A U D I U S N E R O .

SEPTIMIUS, CLAUDI, NIMIRUM INTELLIGIT UNUS,  
 QUANTI ME FACIAS NAM CUM ROGAT, ET PRECE COGIT.

SEPTIMIUS, Sir, *the only Man on Earth*,  
 Who understands how high you prize my worth,  
 Hath oftimes urged, and teased me, to commend  
 HIM, to YOU---worthy to be Nero's Friend,  
 Nice in his Choice of Men---and Vows, he knows  
 More than myself, how far my Letter goes :

I pleaded with him hard, to be excus'd,  
 Yet, fear'd I should be deem'd---if *I refus'd*,  
*(By making less my little) his request*,  
 A Mean Dissembler of my pow'rs possess, 10  
 A Wretch Subservient to Self Interest :  
 Thus, Claudius, by my own defence, I'm caught,  
 Forc'd to a less, to shun a greater Fault,  
 And, to the *frontless* Courtier's task descend ;  
 If therefore, Sir, you can not discommend 15  
 My want of Grace, and Shame---to serve a Friend ;  
 Vouchsafe, Septimius in your List t'inscribe,  
 Brave, good, and true---and worthy of your Tribe.

E P I S T L E   X V I .  
 T o     Q U I N C T I U S .

NE PERCUNCTERIS, FUNDUS MEUS, OPTIME QUINCTI,  
 ARVO PASCAT HERUM, AN BACCIſ OPULENTET OLIVÆ :

**A**SK me no Questions of my Farm, and Soil,  
 And what the produce is, Corn, Wine, or Oil,  
 \* My prating Muse, shall walk it with thee round,  
 And pointing to thee every spot of Ground,  
 The Site, and all display in full detail ; 5  
*A Chain of Mountains*, if not by a Vale  
 Disjoin'd---whose Right beholds the rising Rays,  
 The Left, the Fiery Car's descending Blaze :  
 The Place would charm thee, every Hedge-Row  
 Bush,  
 Glows with the Cornels, and the Damscen's blush ;  
 The

\* Loquacious Muse, go walk it with him round,  
 And pointing to him---

The Beach, and Oak on every side afford,  
 Food to my Cattle, shelter to their Lord;  
 The soft Tarenton, *hither* come, thou'd swear,  
 So balmy, and delicious is the Air;  
 Digentia rises with a rapid Stream,  
 So full, it well deserves a River's Name;  
 No purer Waters on our Tuscan Coast, 15  
 No cooler, can the Thracian Hebrus boast;  
 Which, Salutary to the Nerves and Head,  
 Relieve the Bowels, and Concoction aid;  
 These, with the sweet retreats, and shady bow'rs,  
 Secure me, in th' Autumnal sickly hours: 20  
 If thou liv'st up to what thou'rt said to be,  
 Thou liv'st aright, for all Mankind agree,  
 To call thee happy, in the first degree;  
 Yet, trust not wholly to the World's report,  
 But hearken to thy Bosom's secret Court, 25  
 More, than to Rome, and her applausive Cries,  
 And think none happy, but the virtuous-wise;  
 For, should thy Friends, and all concur, to tell,  
 In spite of thy own Sense. thou'rt Sound, and well,  
 Would'st thou for this, dissemble a Disease,  
 Which lurking, on thy Heart and Bowels Preys,  
 'Till Apoplex'd, at the unfinish'd Meal,  
 Thou trembling fall'st? let Simpleton's conceal,  
 And with a Rustic Shame, their Ulcers hide,  
 'Till healing Balsams are in vain applied.

SATIRE



## S A T I R E X.

NEMPE INCOMPOSITO DIXI PEDE CURRERE VERSUS  
LUCILI, QUIS TAM LUCILI FAUTOR INEPTE EST,  
UT NON HOC FATEATUR ? &c.

YES, Sir, I said, Lucilius' Verses run,  
In Measure uncomposed, and rudely spun,  
And who so foolish fond is of the Bard,  
As to deny his Lines are rough, and hard?  
In the same Paper too, I owned his Merit, 5  
And that he lash'd the Town, with Wit, and Spirit,  
And added, that when *Muddy-moſt* he roll'd,  
He here and there, threw up some grains of Gold:  
But is't enough---a burſting Laugh to raiſe?  
*Altho' this Talent not devoid of Praise,* 10  
I hold---which *charms the multitude*, for ſo---  
Laberius' Farces, mean, Buffooniſh, low,  
I might extol, as highly finiſh'd Plays:  
But were he living in our latter Days,  
He'd fret and Labour, and refine his Lays, § 15  
In choice of Diction delicately nice,  
Tho' Soft, not Weak, and Nervous, tho' concife,  
Would blot what heavy dragging, Loads the Year,  
The Verſe retarding, labouring in the Rear, &c.

---

§ The Critics often complain that we do not preſerve the  
*delicacy* of Horace's Phraſe, &c. to oblige them I have added the  
following.

Sape caput Scalpat, vivos et roderet unguēs.  
He to refine his Verſe, would toil and Sweat,  
Oft ſcratch his Head, and bite his Nails, and fret.

— Dum Sudor ad imos,  
Manaret talos.

— While I tormented fret,  
And to my Hee's was running down the Sweat.

As Boileau in the Epistle to his Gardiner, speaks  
to the same purpose, I will subjoin a part of it.

**A** NTOINE, industrious faithful long to me,  
Best Master, that e'er liv'd on Earth, for thee,  
Director of my Gardens, at Auteuil,  
Well skill'd, my Plants, and Shrubs to trim & rule,\*  
Why can not I thus cultivate with Art,  
And tear th' obnoxious vices from my Heart?  
Why not the Garden of my mind adorn,  
And, as thou'st from my Soil, the Weeds upturn,  
Root up the Pests, that spreading wide control,  
And check the growth of Virtue in the Soul?

\* \* \* \* \*

But say, and on thy Spade awhile here rest,  
Dost thou not think me, by some Fiend possess'd,  
And Belzebub is raging in my Breast?  
When I resound Heroic Verses *ringing*,  
Affrighting Birds, around my Alleys Singing,  
Not so—Antoine, for, thou hast heard, thy Lord,  
Is named, a Monarch's Actions to record,  
By Sea, and Land, his wond'rous Battles won, ||  
Above great Julius, and the Macedon,  
And CHARLEMAGNE, with his twelve Gallic Peers,  
*The Song, and wonder of thy Infant Years.*

My

---

\* And form and plan, with ingenuity,  
Deep in the Science vers'd of Quintine.

|| By Sea, and Land, the fights he never won. PRIOR.

My Master, thou wilt add, is prudent known,  
And reasons like a Doctor of Sorbone ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, with thy Spade, and Rake, & sprinkling Pan,  
Thou think'st that thou art here the busier Man ;  
But soon, to change thy mind, thou wouldst think  
fit,

Wer't thou become a Poet, and a Wit,  
Resolv'd to vie with what the Ancients writ ;  
Doom'd like a Slave, t'invent, and Polish Lays,  
The City, Country, and the Court to please ;  
Which, Johnson stern, might read without a  
frown,

And learn'd Lowth nod with his mitred Crown ;  
Rusticity, with elegance to trace,  
And throw the Soil around thee with a Grace ;  
To form the numbers sounding, round, and full,  
Give light to the obscure, and point the dull,  
In choice of Diction, delicate in Phrase,  
The lowest Life, with dignity to raise ;  
Retrench th'insipid Epithets, employ'd \*  
Like Rubbish, to fill up the gaping Void :

How

- \* Je ne sçaurois souffrir qu' une Phrase insipide,  
Vienne a la fin de Vers, remplir la place Vuide.

This superfluity of Epithets, and Lines, for Rime-sake, is the  
most heinous Sin of our Modern Translators.

Out with it Dunciad ———

Thus, in Pitt's *Æneid*, one, in four,  
Is found superfluous, *if not more*,  
And Rev'rend Pitt, with Rev'rence speaking,  
And others too, that *I might take in*,  
I hold no Poets, of God's making.



How would'st thou grieve, and rather take in hand,  
A hundred Acres of the barren'st Land,  
To form, and trim, and wish to change thy State,  
With any Cripple at St. Deny's Gate?

— fuit haud ignobilis, Argis,  
Qui se credebat Miros! audire Tragædos, &c.  
There lived at Argos, not ignoble, mean,  
A Sire, who heard, in *his distemper'd Brain*,  
Amazing Actors! speak in lofty Tragic Strain;  
In th' Empty Hall, as at a crowded Pit,  
Attentive, and applauding all, would sit;  
But in the other offices of Life,  
A neighbour kind---obliging to his Wife;  
Could shun an open Ditch, or Post, and tell,  
What in the Common Way of Life beset;  
Nor, should a Slave by chance the Flaggon shake,  
And dim the Wine, would burst in a Mad Freak;  
Physicians faithful, ready at the call,  
With Hellebore purged off the Morbid Gall;  
Who, coming to himself, in wrath begun,  
Odsso! my Friends, what have you madly done?  
You've Slain, not Saved---and from a Godlike State,  
Have brought me to a wretched Mortals' fate.

a Civil to his Wife.

POPE.

This Gentleman has stuffed many of his Translations too full of biting Wit, Epigrammatic Point, and Sting, *not what Horace Sought*, and is never more unlike him, than when he's most Witty.

These, were reserved for the days of Martial, and Aufonius, and flourished most, in the Decay of the Roman Empire,

— non Quivis, Horrentia Martis

Agmina, vel fracta pereuntes cuspidè Gallos,

Aut labentis equo, describat vulnera Parthi.

'Tis not for all---in hoarse Mavortian Strains,

To sound the Horror of th' Embattled Plains,

When Wounded, Wounding, with the vengeful blow,

Together drop the Parthian; and his Foe;

Or from his Steed, and dying in the fall,

*With broken Spear*, to Paint the Sinking Gaul;

What

## THE CONCLUSION.

But soft---I see my Flow'rs begin to fade,  
 And thirsting, call for thy refreshing aid,  
 And much they wonder why it is delay'd,  
 And for what Holiday, or new-made Saint,  
 They're left, without *one cooling shower*, to faint.

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What, like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and hoarse,  
 With Arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd the Verse?

POPE.

What, like some---rumbling, hoarse, and rough rehearse,  
 Arms, George, and Brunswick, in the crowded Verse?

But what resemblance has this, of the Original?

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## O D E XIV.

O NAVIS, REFERENT IN MARE TE, NOVI  
 FLUCTUS, O QUID AGIS? FORTITER OCCUPA PORTUM.

O Bark! art Mad? wilt thou again,  
 Attempt the terrors of the Main?  
 New Billows bear thee out to Sea,  
 O! yet, thy faithful Anchor lay,  
 And grasp, and stoutly hold the Bay; 5  
 Thou'rt stript of Sails and Oars, ill-worn  
 Thy Cables, and thy Riggings torn,  
 Thy Timbers groan, thy Yards and Masts;  
 Shook by the late Fierce AFRIC's blasts,  
 No trusty Plank, left to sustain, 10  
 The burst of the impetuous Main;  
 Tho' nobly Born, thou long hast stood,  
 Proud Daughter of the Pontic-Wood,

Vain

Vain boast of haughty Name, and Race,  
 What heeds the Sailor in distress, 15  
 Thy painted Gods, and gaudy Grace?  
 No deities hast thou to call  
 Again, when Tempests round thee fall;  
 To whirlwinds, in their wanton play,  
 Unless thou'rt doom'd a Scoff, and Prey, 20  
 (My late annoying weary care,  
 And now my fond desire) beware!  
 Shun the bright-luring Cycladè's, \*  
 With interfusèd Wrecking Seas.

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\* Whatever luring advantages may offer, they will certainly end in thy destruction.

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## FUGITIVE PIECES.

### SATIRE II.

OMNIBUS HOC VITIUM EST CANTORIBUS, INTER AMICOS.

**A**LL your great Songsters have this common  
 Fault,  
 Apologising, when a Song is sought;  
 Yet, sing unask'd, without apology,  
 From Morn to Night: such, was in Company,  
 Tigellius *late*, who, Cæsar would withstand,  
*Whose Will's an undeniable Command,*  
 Tho' by his Father's Friendship, and his own  
 He sued, the Sardinian was not to be won;  
 But when in Humour, and the Fit came on,

He



He would pursue, with most melodious Throat,  
 From th'highest Treble, to the lowest Note,  
 Resounding IO ! Bacchus the Divine,  
 From the first Course, to Sweetmeats and the  
 Wine, &c.

# S A T I R E IV.

ABSENTEM, QUI RODIT AMICUM.

**W**HO seeks, a witty Sland'rer's name to gain,  
 By the Applauses of th'abandon'd Train  
 Of Grinners---who derides an absent Friend,  
 Or, hearing others Scoff---will not defend,  
 But aids to raise, or carry on the Sneer,  
 He's canker'd---black at Heart, this Villain Fear,  
 And, as a goading Bull---dread to come near.  
 Fœnum habet in Cornu---  
 His Horns are wreath'd, He'll gore---come not  
 him near.  
 His Horns are wreath'd, He'll gore, avoid the  
 Beast,  
 And, as a raging Dog---the biting Fiend detest.

# E P I S T L E II.

PRÆTULERIM SCRIPTOR DELIRUS INERSQUE VIDERI, &c.

**I**'D rather write vile Stuff, in Verse, or Prose,  
 Which, mad as LEE's, or dull as SAWNEY's,  
 flows,  
 Than, gnaw'd and fretted, full of wit, compose,  
 What

What, BURKE might say, with pleasure he had read,  
Or learn'd MANN approve with mitred head.

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# E P I S T L E XIV.

To his S T E W A R D.

VILLICE, SYLVARUM, ET MIHI, ME REDDENTIS AGELLI.

CHIEF Governor of my small Sabine Plain,  
And Woods, that give me to myself again,  
Dost thou not hate my little Tenement,  
And my five Chimney'd-Burgh, that yearly sent,  
Five Fathers to the Barian Parliament?  
But, whether *more excells*, let us contend,  
Dost thou, th'Estate---or, I myself, *more mend*?  
Dost thou root up more Thorns on every Part,  
Than---I am tearing Vices from my Heart?  
Is Horace, or his Farm, Sir, in the best,  
Condition---Clear of every noxious Pest?  
Thy Taste is for the City, and thy Views,  
Are Plays, and Taverns, Wenches and the Stews;  
Nor did I, in my youth, abhor the Game,  
\* Who, *costless* pleas'd a most rapacious Dame,  
Yet

---

\* Quem, scis immunem, Cynaræ placuisse rapaci.  
It is no shame for youth to play,  
'The shame is, ne'er to find a day  
To quit the youthful play.

To quit the youthful frolics gay.

Yet know, it is no shame for youth to play,  
 But think it shameful, ne'er to find a Day,  
 To quit the youthful Game, and Frolics gay.  
 Sperne voluptatem, nocet empta dolore Voluptas.  
 Spurn Pleasure---if it's purchas'd with a Train  
 Of Ills, that leave behind Remorse and Pain.  
 Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus insto.  
 But, set thou out or not, I from the Goal,  
 Will start and hold along, my usual Rate,  
 Nor press the foremost---nor the slow await.  
 Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque  
 Longa videtur opus debentibus ; ut piger annus  
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum : &c.  
 Long as the night---when Chloe *lies*---appears,  
 And long the day to labouring Swains---and years  
 To Heirs beneath the Guardian's lash---thus flow,  
 The days, and weeks, ungrateful to me, flow,  
 Which check' my aim, to give these precepts  
     sage,  
 To rich and poor, young, old, and every age  
 Of use---and if unknown, to old, and young,  
 A loss---and baneful, through their whole life  
     long.

#### DE ARTE POETICA

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam,  
 Jungere si velit.  
 Should any Painter draw a Horse's Head,  
 Join'd to the neck and bosom of a maid,  
 And cull'd from various kinds, the members steal,  
 Hoofs, Hands, and Claws--and then, with feathers  
     veil,  
 The Monster---ending in a Porpoise-Tail ;



A beauteous Nymph above---a Fish below,  
 Who would not laugh, admitted to the Show?  
 And such, believe me, are some Poets Strains,  
 Wild, as the whimsies of a sick Man's Brains,  
 A Chaos rude of Elements, ill mixt,  
 Where nothing in the order due, is fixt;  
 The first, and last, alike, and middle space,  
 Might shift altern, and take each other's place;  
 But Bards, and Painters, nobly both may dare,  
 I own the Licence, and the same would share,  
 But not---to couple in the bonds of Love,  
 The Lamb, and Tyger---Serpent, and the Dove;  
 Some, who beginning, promis'd wond'rous things,  
 Arms, Heroes, Cities sack't, and conquer'd Kings,  
 Have dropp'd at once, upon a flow'ry Theme,  
 Diana's Temple, or a purling Stream;  
 And scatter'd here and there, a splendid Line,  
 Like Velvet Patches, that on Drugget shine,  
 The rolling Tyber, and the roaring Rhine;  
 All out of time, and place---thy hand can draw,  
 An Oak, or Pine, perhaps, without a flaw,  
 What then?---I bade thee, paint the wrecking  
 Scene,

Of hopeless Sailors, floating on the Main;  
 Take for thy pains---*I add*, thy Piece again.

————— amphora coepit

Institui, currente rota, cur urceus exit?  
 Thy turning Wheel, an ample Bowl begun,  
 Why ends it in a sneaker---when it's done?



